Roxbury, Dec. 9, 1867.

My dear and tried Friend:

The receipt of your welcome, congratulatory letter is next to looking you in the face, and taking you by the hand. I am mortified to think how little and how seldom I have written to you; and, especially, that I did not succeed, while abroad, in executing my set purpose to ~~send~~ send you a letter before my return home. But I carried you with me in my heart and memory wherever I travelled, and longed to have your pleasant bodily companionship throughout. At home I salute your photographic portrait every day, as it hangs in my sitting-room in fitting juxtaposition with that of dear, noble Francis Jackson. You will not doubt my affection for you, my reverence for your character, my gratitude for your early anti-slavery co-operation and your many acts of personal kindness, even if my epistles are "few and far between." Ours is no paper friendship.

I crowded an immense amount of enjoyment and sight-seeing into the six months of absence from Rockledge; and, happily, improved very considerably in health, though I have been somewhat "under the weather" since my return home. My injured arm and shoulder gradually lost the anguish from which I suffered so much all last year, and now cause me no trouble, though still tender and sensitive. It would have been worth the fatigue and expense of a voyage round the world to effect that deliverance.

I was six weeks in Paris, and saw a good deal of the city and its surroundings. It is full of fascination for a stranger, and altogether more enjoyable than London. The French are remarkably amiable and courteous. It was a great drawback upon my happiness that I could hold no social intercourse with them, owing to our mutual ignorance of each other's dialect. It was as though I had no more brains than an animal!

Fortunately, I had Mr. Villard, Fanny and Frank as my interpreters. Without them I should have taken "French leave," in despair. It is a singular sensation to find one's self, by such a barrier, no better than an idiot.

My reception in Great Britain was unexpectedly generous and handsome, but also exceedingly trying because of so much personal laudation. At the various "receptions," I felt small enough to creep into any rate-hole, and knew not what to say. My speeches were wholly impromptu, and did me no justice; but in the reporting, a most ridiculous jumble was made of them. Bitterly did I enter into Macbeth's feelings — "Bring me no more <u>reports</u>!"

I went abroad, neither seeking, desiring nor anticipating any such demonstrations. But there was great heartiness in them; and they were made the occasions for the utterance of generous and fraternal feelings towards our country. I could have had an ovation in every town in the kingdom, but evaded all I could.

Wm Lloyd Garrison

Dec 9th 1867

Remembering how the Christian Register once stood towards the anti-slavery cause, the great change which has been wrought in public sentiment on that subject is indicated in the publication in that paper of your articles, "Recollections of the Anti-Slavery Reform." They cannot fail to excite considerable sensitiveness in certain quarters where oblivion of past recreancy to duty is now coveted. My neighbor, Dr. Putnam, must feel your reference to him, in your last number, very keenly. I trust he will be able to exclaim, "Let the righteous smite me: it shall be as excellent oil. . . Faithful are the wounds of a friend." True, you do not call him by name, nor refer to him as a Unitarian minister; and so many of the readers of the Register will doubtless not suspect who is referred to. But he will have no difficulty in regard to identification. No doubt he regrets the past now; but he was never born to be a reformer. I wonder whether Mr. Bush understood your allusion. Give us still more of your "Recollections."

I am now thinking seriously of devoting the next year, if spared, to writing a History of the Anti-Slavery Struggle, and shall feel grateful for any aid you can render me. Unfortunately, my memory of persons and events grows more and more like a sieve; and a good memory is a most important auxiliary in such a connection. How to shape the work will be puzzling—the subject is so vast, the actors so many, the incidents so multitudinous. You lovingly fear I shall not do justice to myself. Certainly, how to dispose of myself, without seeming to be egotistical by personal references on the one hand, or affectedly modest by omitting them on the other, will be a difficult and delicate task. But I shall try to avoid extremes, and to write with all possible simplicity and directness. It is of very little consequence in regard to any record of ourselves. Time mates mockery of fame. Enough that the Right has triumphed, that Slavery is overthrown, and that God is glorified.

P.S. Wife & family join me in love to you all.

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Frank returned with me in very good health. What pursuit he will follow is as yet problematical. He has no positive leaning in any direction; and this makes it the more difficult to decide for him. He is one of the best of boys, in every respect.

Fanny will remain in Paris with her husband until Spring — then return here. They are very happily situated. By his father's death, Mr. Villard received but comparatively little property, as but little was left.

William and Ellie are trying their hands at housekeeping, only five minutes' walk from us. Agnes continues to be "grandpa's darling."

I went to Providence a few days ago, intending to continue on to New York and Orange; but concluded to return home, and start on Wednesday, to be gone till the ensuing Tuesday. Sister Charlotte desired me to tell you how greatly disappointed she was in your not getting to see them last summer.

Affectionately yours,

S. J. May.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.